Authorized Edition.

CHRISTY'S

OLD FOLKS ARE GONE

as Sung by

E.P. Christy

AT CHRISTY'S OPERA HOUSE, N.Y.

Words and Music

BY

G. FRIEDRICH WURZEL.

Edwin P. Christy

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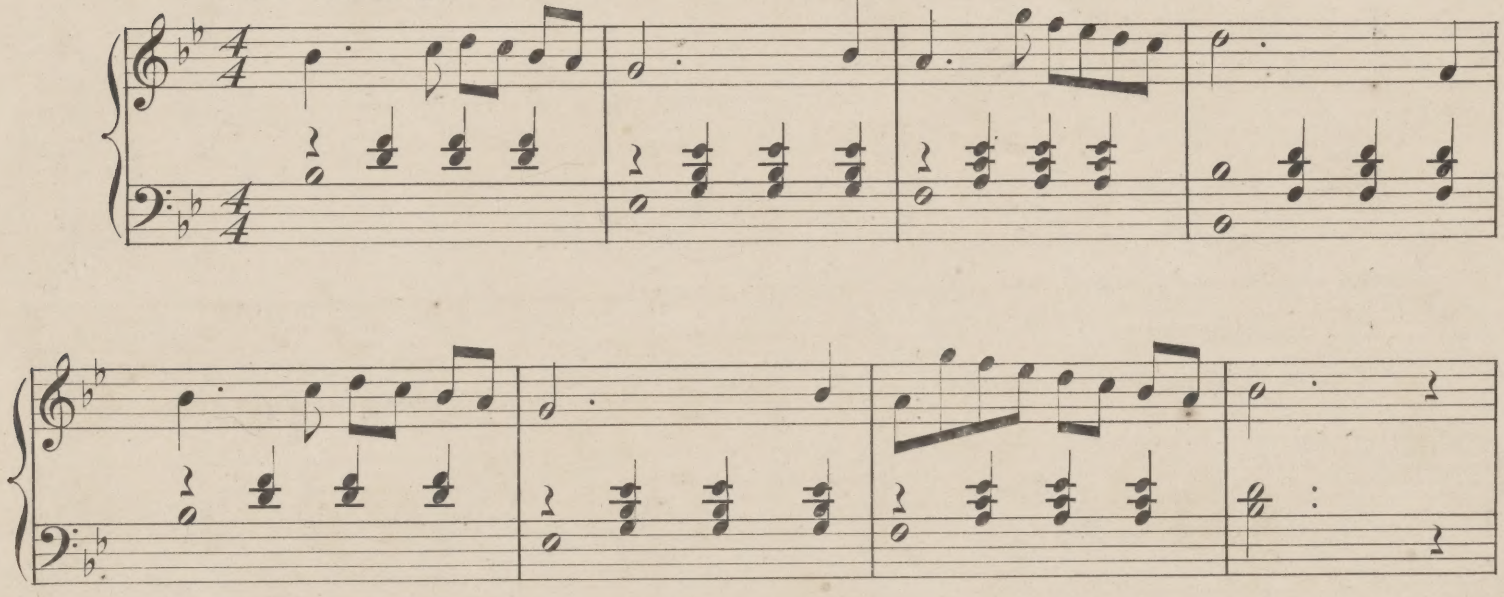
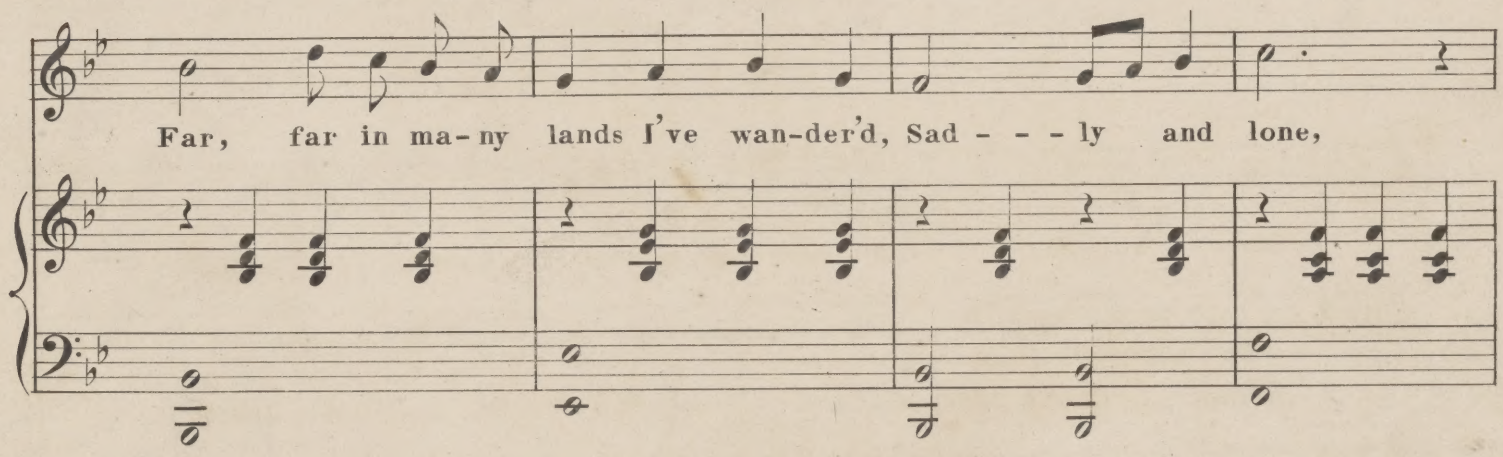
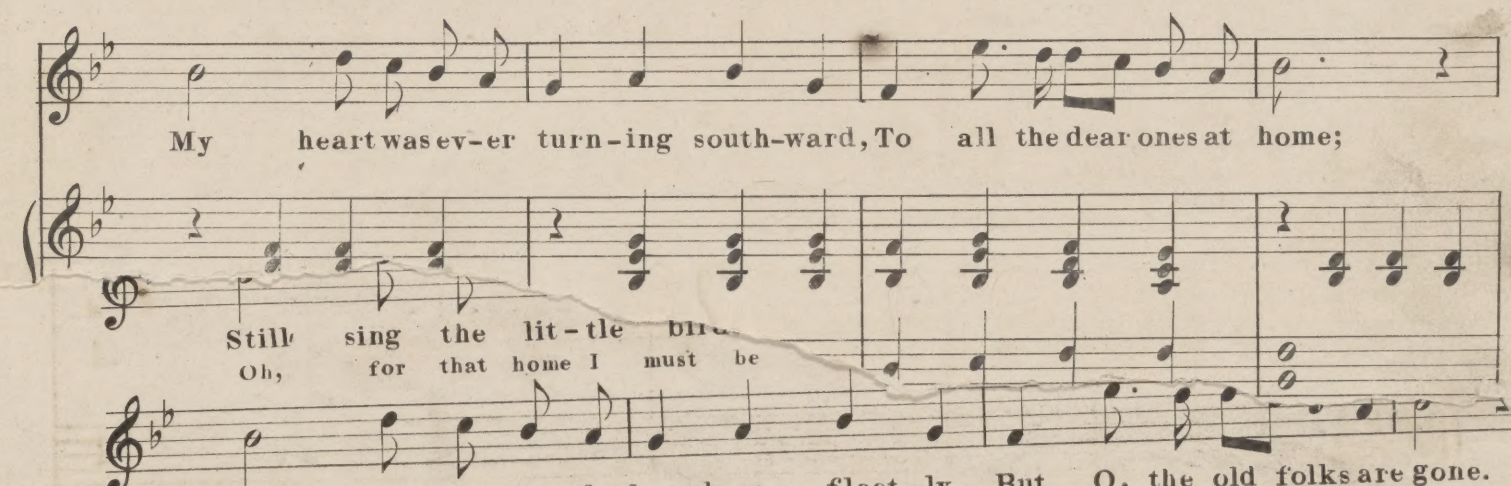
THE OLD FOLKS ARE GONE.

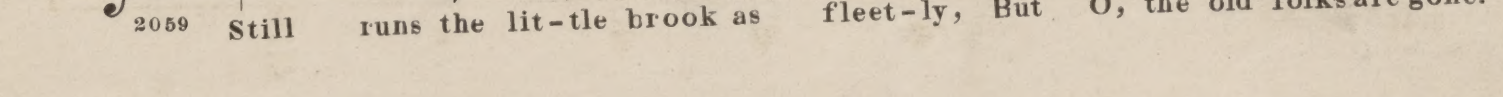
G. Friedrich Wurzel.

MODERATO.









Here af-ter all my wea-ry roam-ing, At ear-ly dawn,

I've come and find the cot still standing, But, oh, the OLD FOLKS are gone.

CHORUS.

AIR. Here I wan-der sad and lone-ly, In the dear old home,

2nd Here I wan-der sad and lone-ly, In the dear old home,

TENOR Here I wan-der sad and lone-ly, In the dear old home,

BASS. Here I wan-der sad and lone-ly, In the dear old home,

PIANO

Those that I lov'd so well and fond-ly, All, all the old folks are gone.

Those that I lov'd so well and fond-ly, All, all the old folks are gone.

Those that I lov'd so well and fond-ly, All, all the old folks are gone.

Those that I lov'd so well and fond-ly, All, all the old folks are gone.

IIIrd) Down where the old ban - a - - na's wa - ving, They're laid to rest,

IInd) Here's where I frolick'd with my broth-er, Un - der the tree,

Where Swa - nee's peaceful wa - ter's la - ving, the green turf o'er their breast;

Here's where I knelt be - side my moth-er, From care and sor - row free;

But there's a home I know where part - ing, Nev - - er can come,

Still sing the lit - tle birds as sweet - ly, At night and morn,

Oh, for that home I must be start - ing, There's where the old folks are gone.

2059 Still runs the lit - tle brook as fleet - ly, But O, the old folks are gone.